HE NEW PLAYO "Peer Gynt" A Vaudeville Of Human Nature.

rors or less glory in Ibsen's 'Peer' and of her is that she was harm'ess.

Miss Evelyn Loomis as Ingrid, the stolen bride, looked like Trixis Frigancia, the long neriod of nerions of the fashion, but 'fashionable' in New dore Kremer, who sat in the third row.

In an upper box for its crowning by taken by the fair-haired Solveiz glery sat (heough three hours and the property of "exaggerated ago" at the property of "exaggerated ago" at the property of "exaggerated ago" at the property of the prop

The long period of neglect is looked on dry cycle when there were che poor, little, tentative efforts no wedding bells for her. At this point



the Broadway you read about and the indulgent ladies and gentlemen in the glove-fitting evening clothes.

Broadway you see when you round Cape Flatiron

But, on consulting the fasts as they exist, we find that the typical figures of and head upstream?

do bring him before a shocked public, followed by dull misinterpretation and rude detraction, are over, too. There with The Green-Clair Woman foundative was almost human. The mountain trolls, too, when Peer was a flood of silly talk about "Ibsen's debt" to Mme. Nazimova As a matter of fact only the first with the special story entitled "Where the Lobster on Lobster always shows a levely Archie Gum girlle in the foregroundative was summoned to court, acted as the state of the first was almost human. The mountain trolls, too, when Peer was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking serious was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking serious was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking serious was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking serious was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking the forest was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking serious was summoned to court, acted as though they were hardworking serious was almost human. The mountain trolls, too, when Peer was a flood of silly the wild a summoned to court, acted as the summoned to court a summoned to court a summoned to court acted to the forest was a flood of silly the wild as the summoned to court a summoned to court a summoned to court a summo The Broadway scene that the magazine artist draws to Nor dots the head wetter. look like two arrow-head punctuation marks and a couple of infinitesimal ankles flit for something that will entitle him to admission to a hospital. to the cream of tartar. A noble-looking cab-driver is contemplating her from . Most of these who write the stories live right here on the ground,

olant policeman has raised his hand in salute preparatory to escorting her across New York Thro' Funny Glasses the street, which is full of foreshortened automobiles and Howard Chandler Christy boys, ranging in height from seven to nine feet each.

The companion piece to this is the customary scene in the Broadway cafe.

where the urbane head waiter is bowing a party of out-of-town fourists to their places, while a picturesque little newsboy, with a bright and winsome face, fits ID you ever notice the difference, patient reader, be- from table to table selling his wares and exchanging merry quips with the

and head upstream?

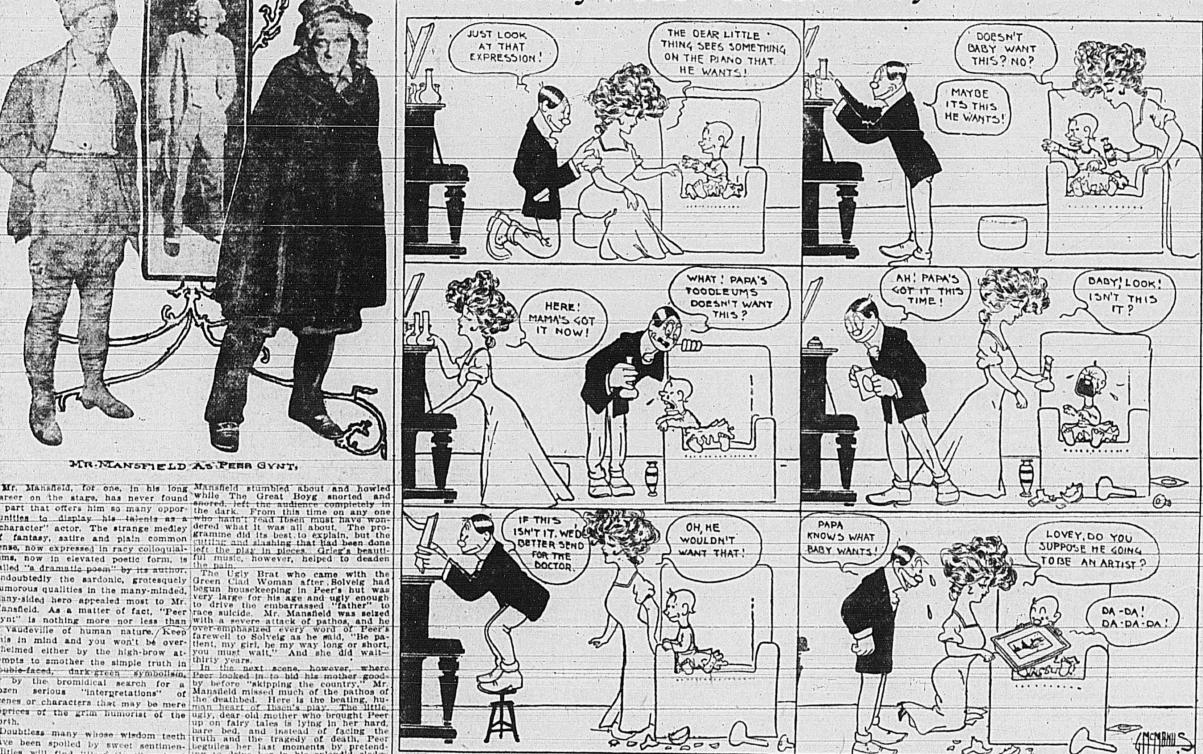
After, the wayfarer has sojourned for a year or two here in the Home of the Personal Pronoun "I" he begins to absorb the conviction that the Broadway of fiction is going to continue to be fiction. Yet somehow or other he keeps right on looking for it. This this of versaling the insis as they exist, we find that the typical figures of our Main street have trouble living up to their illustrations. The little trinket who calls upon the benevolent cop to pilot her over the crossing rarely has the lower case v's for toes; nor does she achieve the tapering twin radish effect as to the ankles. On the contrary, her instep is more apt to suggest that of the Norman draught horse, and any time her feet hurt her she may be said to be keeps right on looking for it. This thing of expecting the G. W. W. to wake up and blaze and scintillate and show its gold teeth and carry on the way it does in the local across to the opposite sidewalk with all the courteons grace and polished consideration of a fireman rescuing a stack of limburger cheeses from a burning

The Broadway scene that the magazine artist draws to

Nor does the head waiter in our fashionable cafe put any creases in his shirt
go along with the special story entitled "Where the Lobster front bowing to casual visitors from a distance. Customarily speaking, he can-Dines on Lobster' always shows a lovely Archie Gunn girlie in the foregrounA subterranean blast, which has evidently worked through the cracks in the
pavement, is blowing her shirts just high enough to show a pair of feet that
the like the crack in the pavement, is blowing her shirts just high enough to show a pair of feet that
the like the crack in the local shirts in the prediction of the prediction o

THE FUNNY PART:

The Newlyweds--Their Baby 2 By George McManus



VOVINCENT'S OADVICE LOVERSO

O, this is not going to be a rhapsody on love, or on Dear Betty: love. Perhaps engaged. You vaguely wonder how the rest of the world can go on in the old-time dull way, in view of such a wonderful event. So you usually try to enliven the dulness by telling your dearest friends and your family all about Charley, and how different he is from other men. about Charley, and how different he is from other men, and how much handsomer, and how he told you you were the only girl he ever loved, and the sweet idiocles he whispered last evening. You also devote so much time to thinking large enough to support her. Do you

Marriage on \$30 Per.

old and a draughtsman by trade.



AM a young man of twenty-four years, and am engaged to be mar-

Mother or Sweetheart?



week after I am married, as my two week after 1 am married, as my two younger brothers do not earn very much. I am making from \$25 to \$30 per week and sometimes more. My sweetheart says that we will need all the money ourselves, and that I do not need to give her anything. W. K. Your sweetheart is very selfish and shows a very mean spirit. Never fall to give your mother the \$1 under any circumstances. Are you sure you have chosen the right girl?

A Few More Lemons at a Cent Apiece. &2 &2 By F. G. Long fabrics, while the



The Jarr Family's Daily Jars

WHILE Mrs. Jarr was out seeing a sick friend, and she really was, differing, as Mr. Jarr admitted, and she self, from mere man, to whom the phrase was a threadbare excuse, Mr. Jarr took care of the children.
"Tan I tut out paper dolls from dis?" asked little Emma

Jarr as she brought a fashion paper to her father. "Let me see," said Mr. Jarr. "Oh, all right; it's only a lot of foolish fashion pictures."

The little boy had a dollar watch, or at least what was left of it from Christmas "Papa, wind up my watch for Mr. Jarr laid down his paper and look the watch.

"Why, it's broken," he said. What time is it by your watch?" asked the little boy. "It's 8 o'clock," said Mr. Jarr.

"Can't you fix my watch, papa?" asked the child.

"Now, you know I cannot. Willie. Run away and play."
"When I am a man can I have a watch that won't break?" asked Willie.
"No!" said Mr. Jarr shortly. "All watches break if you fool with them. Why iidn't you take care of your watch?"

What makes them break, papa?" asked Wille, "Go away and let papa read the paper," said Mr. Jarr,

"Can I fix it then?" asked the boy "I don't care what you do!" said Mr. Jarr.

A half minute later the little girl's shricks rent the air,

Willie's taken my selssors I was tutting wif!" she walled. "Stingy thing!" shouted Willie. "Papa said I might have it to mead my atch." So saying, he pried into the case with the scissors and broke off one of

"Give your little sister the scissors!" commanded Mr. Jarr. The little girl extended her hand and the little boy, saying "Take it, mean old thing!" rapped her across the knuckles with it.

Again the screams of e little girl arose, and Mr. Jarr, exclaiming "I saw you do that, you rascal!" took Willie across his knee and spanked him histly. When

the howls of both had subsided somewhat Mr. Jarr said, "Now you both go to "Mamma said we tould stay up till she tome home," said the little girl.

"I don't care what your mother said," replied Mr. Jarr severely. "You both to bed. I'm ashamed of you both!" "Tan I lay in mamma's bed? I don't want to sleep with Willie," said the

"Yes," said Mr. Jarr, "and you go to bed by yourself, Willie!" The little girl stuck her tongue out in triumph at the boy and retired to her mother's room,

"Can't I stay up, papa?" asked the boy.

"No!" said Mr. Jarr. "Why can't I stay up, papa?"

"Because I say you can't!" said Mr. Jarr.

"Why do you say I can't, papa?" whined Willie.

Mr. Jarr threw down the paper and, seizing the questioner, led him to his bed nd said, "Now undress and get into bed or I'll give you a good whipping!" "I can't take off these button shoes," called the little boy after him. Mr. Jarr paid no attention.

A crash from Mrs. Jarr's room and the whimper of the little girl took Mr. Jarr to the scene. He found the child had been deluging herself with her mother's co-logne from the vantage point of a rocking chair, which had tipped forward causing her to drop the bottle, which had broken, causing havou and confusion among Mrs. Jarr's tollet articles on the bureau. Mr. Jarr straightened things out as best he could and ordered the little girl

to her own bed with her brother.
"Willie won't let me in bed!" cried the little girl.

"She's pulling the covers off me!" cried the boy.

Mr. Jarr, threatening all sorts of chastleements, brought about temporary

After a pillow fight and the ominous sounds of destruction from the room, ome romping and not a little fighting, the tired children dropped off to sleep. At 10 o'clock Mrs. Jarr came in. "How've the children been?" she asked,

"Like little lambs," said Mr. Jarr. "I never have any trouble with them. You get them peevish the way you fuss over them."

Mrs. Jarr's eye fell upon the mutilated fashion paper "Why-way did you let them do that?" she exclaimed. "Some patterns I espeially wanted! And my scissors broken!" Then she sniffed the air. "And they've een at my cologne!" She hurried into the children's room and yanked down the covers. They were

th sweetly sleeping with their shoes on.
"Oh, shucka!" said Mr. Jarr. "Children will be children!" "I can't leave this house one minute" -- began Mrs. Jarr, but Mr. Jarr had

HINTS FOR THE HOME.

of from one quart roasted peanuts. Ginger Snaps. and mix with one-half pound powdered sugar and the unbeaten whites of four eggs. Whip and drop by spoonfuls on

East Indian Soup.

Put into a kettle a tablespoonful of butter, two tablespoonfuls of finety chopped onlons, two tablespoonNE egg. one-half butter, two tablespoonfuls of anely chopped onions, two tablespoonfuls of grated carrots, the same of grated turnips; stir carefully for about two
minutes, add a quart of water or stock,
raisins, one-half cup currants, one-half

OHELL and remove the brown skin while you are making the soup.

buttered paper, spread on a flat tin and gether ten minutes. One teaspoon sods brown. Very fine, indeed in three dessertspoons hot water an quickly stir in as much flour as possible. Roll very thin.

a dash of red pepper, a little black teaspoon salt, one-half teaspoon each pepper, a tablespoonful of chopped par- cloves and cinnamon; bake with two sley, a sliced apple and simmer gently crusts. This tastes almost exactly like for fifteen minutes. Add a teaspoonful real minute.

May Manton's Daily Fashions

HE fashionable over - water to the younger girls, and here is a frock that shows one of latest. As illustrated it is made of blue linen trimmed with a pretty simple braid, and is worn over a ery. But the model, others of the season, is adapted to a variety of materials, so offering a wide rango used for woot, for the simple pongees and the like quite as well as for washable separate guimpe can be of any suitable material, simple embroidered net or lace for the dressier frocks, some lingeria material for the sim-

The quantity of material required for the medium size (ten years) is 41-4 yards

27, 4 yards 86 or 31-4 yards 44 inches wide, with 23-4 yards 18, 25-8 yards 21 or 15-8 yards 36 inches wide

for the guimpe, and Girl's Frock, with Guimpe-Pattern No. 5603. 12 yards of braid to trim as illustrated.

Pattern No. 5603 is cut in sizes for girls of six, eight, ten and twelve years

Call or send by mail to THE EVENING WORLD MAY MAN-York. Send ten cents in coin or stamps for each pattern ordered, EMPORTANT-Write your name and address plainly, and always specify size wanted.







MR.MANSFIELD AS PERR GYNT,

ansheld made it seem quite in char-his casting last curry his casting last.